Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

"O God, we have done so little toward bridging the gulf between us and our fellow men. Grant us wisdom and love that will build bridges and draw the world together in true friendship."

Volume III August 1952 Number 4

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THANK GOD FOR FRIENDS

Friends are a great asset -- in one's personal life and in business. Thus, it would seem only natural for people to devote a great deal of thought and effort to the forming of friendships and maintaining them.

What joy comes through friendships!

Friends --true friends-- are important to our well-being and happiness, and we are important to theirs. All friends are sharers; close friends share our faith in God, our hope, and our love.

We choose our friends for various reasons--

Because they think as we do. Or because they challenge us to think differently.

Because we have something to offer them. Or they have something to offer us.

Because they are pleasant to be with. Or because they find pleasure in our company.

Because they have qualities we admire. Or because they admire qualities in us.

We make friends for all these reasons. And all are important -- for, they add to our pleasure in life, to our growth as individuals and as a nation. In return we have the keen joy and satisfaction of giving of ourselves to others.

Friends are important! Let's not neglect them!

* * *

"Thank God for friends, who dearer grow as years increase;
Who, as possessions fail our hopes and hands,
Become the boon supreme, than gold and lands
More precious. Let all else, if must be, cease;
But, Lord of life, we pray on us bestow
The gift of friends, to share the way we go."

oooOooo

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

By Grenville Kleiser

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN is necessarily good-mannered, simply because good manners are only a matter of consideration for other people. It is impossible to be ill-mannered if one is genuinely chivalrous.

Certain characteristics of the true gentleman are so clearly marked that they are obvious to any observer. Perhaps the first indication is his recognition of the universal brotherhood of men--his refusal to admit social or racial or financial distinctions.

TO HIM ALL MEN DESERVE the same courtesy and consideration. He despises no one. He respects and admires only worth of character, for money or rank are to him mere accident.

The second characteristic is that which puts the "gentle" into "gentleman." It is his instinctive, natural chivalry, exercised particularly on behalf of the weak, the helpless, the downtrodden. He has an unerring eye for sincerity.

THE ARROGANCE which some people assume as "showing they're somebody" is as clear a betrayal of ill-breeding as the fawning sycophancy they display towards their social or financial superiors.

* * *

IT IS CHARACTER THAT MATTERS. That is why it is possible to find true gentlemen in any nation, at any age, in any rank, of any class. It is also perhaps why the true gentleman is discovered only by those who have some trace of the quality in themselves.

Freedom from ostentation or an assumption of "superiority," genuine brotherliness with all kinds of men, integrity, honor, generosity, consideration of others, sympathy without intrusive curiosity or inquisitiveness--these are the essentials.

GIVEN THESE QUALITIES, rank, wealth, birth, title matter little. It is the inner, not the outer, man that is the true gentleman.

A book called "The Perfect Gentleman," published many years ago, by an author who anonymously appended his name "A Gentleman," has this significant dedication:

"To the American Gentleman: The man who is polite without affectation; proud without vanity; dignified without ostentation; affable to all, servile to none; who never deceived his friend, nor turned his back to his foe."

* * *

A GENTLEMAN

He does not boast nor give offense,
He has a wealth of common sense.
He keeps his eyes on all his friends,
He yields, but never condescends.
He always has a gracious air,
He plays the game and plays it fair.
He speaks with pleasant voice and low,
He shuns all ostentatious show.
He gives without a thought of gain,
He will not gossip nor complain.
He is considerate towards the weak,
He does not adulation seek.
He knows precisely what to say,
He scatters sunshine on the way.
He tries to do the best he can,
He is an ideal gentleman.

oooOooo

"The gentleman is solid mahogany;
The fashionable man is only veneer."
--J. G. Holland.

oooOooo

E V A N G E L I S M

By Dr. William Ernest Hocking

(We present Dr. William Ernest Hocking to our readers in the following first instalment of his study -abridged- on foreign missions--what is changing or permanent about them. He gives ample evidence that the study of "Evangelism" is the proper approach. Long known in the field of philosophy, Dr. Hocking was also Chairman of the Laymen's Commission and edited its findings in "RE-THINKING MISSIONS." We are profoundly grateful to Dr. Hocking for permission to use this material.)

Evangelism is essential work of both church and mission and I would like to make three remarks upon this theme--

FIRST: The obligation to preach rests, not on any part of the church, but upon the whole church.

There is no one, cleric or lay, official or unofficial, who is exempt from this duty, or who can transfer it to any delegate--to his minister, his missionary, or his Board.

SECOND: The parish of all preaching is the WORLD.

The condition of the world is the obligation of the church, and that means the whole world. If Christianity should appear as a local religion, let us say for Europe and America, it would automatically cease to be the religion of Europe and America. For the moment we begin to think of it as a special cult of our own we have ceased to be Christians.

The mind of man is naturally religious; psychology and sociology today are inclined to assert. The religious trait is universal. But if Tertullian is right, the mind of man is also naturally Christian; in its religious journey it cannot come to rest short of that goal. Unless we believe this to be the case, we are ourselves sitting loose from our own profession. For our religion is that attitude toward the world which we hold valid for all men. Hence, nothing less than "the world" can be the object of any live church or of any live Christian.

THIRD: The preaching of Christ is also a learning of Christ, - the two go together.

It is natural to suppose that we first finish our learning and then proclaim our message. This is an error. No one can have any motive to preach unless he has something to say of which he is convinced. But the effort to express

is an element in continuing to learn: the first learning one does is in trying to teach.

Thus we have not first to finish up with America before going to Asia. If what we have to preach is completely finished in our minds, we would better keep hammering away at home. But if to preach in Asia is also a way of learning what we have to say, it may be that we shall find in Asia some things which will make our preaching in America more pertinent and effective. Our experience in Asia will add much to our conception of Christianity.

This bears on our relation to other religions. We certainly have something to give; otherwise we have no right to appear as preachers. But in attempting to convey that "something" we are not dealing with minds empty of faith and of a vision of God; there will be a mutuality of giving. Our relation to these other religions cannot be one of immediate displacement, as if, for example, we wished Buddhism to throw up its hands and disappear.

Buddhism, through centuries longer than our own era, has done much to sustain the slumbering fires of the Spirit in that vast continent; and until we have a deep understanding of how it has done this, we shall not know the soul of Asia, which is a great part of the soul of man. The test of a religion lies in its power to interpret. Men will adhere to that religion which most profoundly interprets what their hearts have felt; the ultimate religion will be that one which comprehends all that other religions have seen, and more beside.

Hence the relation of Christianity to the non-Christian religions must be that of an experiment in interpretation. We cannot sit down in America and decide in advance the final relation of Christianity to Buddhism. But we do see things we can help; and we can conceive the attitude of Christ toward the mind of man in every place and under every type of faith in these terms-- "You are seeking for something or someone whom you haven't yet found,-- I that speak unto thee am He." It is the power to interpret the human heart which will decide that heart's power to recognize and assent. This is the great responsibility of the mission; and it is because of this that evangelism abroad may be our best way of learning of Christ.

(To be continued next issue.)

WORSHIP IS ESSENTIAL TO LIFE IN INDIA, CHINA AND ARABIA

By Edward H. Hume, M. D.

RELIGION is what a man or a woman does with the silent places of life. --Alfred North Whitehead.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP introduces into the silence of the mind the noblest ideals, the loftiest beauty, the holiest aspiration, of which the human race is capable. --Theodore Carswell Hume.

Go with me to the banks of the sacred rivers of India and stand watching the great throngs in prayer. Up in North India, where the Jumna flows into the sacred Ganges, is a great sacred triangle where, when the tides fall, masses of worshippers gather and bow in prayer. At certain seasons a million persons are bowing there in humble worship. The Western World scarcely knows of such devoutness, such complete bowing down before God. Or travel to old Delhi, to stand in the great gateway of the Jumna Musjid. You have never known before how truly a great throng might worship. When the muezzin gives the call to worship at certain set hours, the entire courtyard, filled with sincere men of prayer, fall down on their faces and bring their devotion before Allah, him whom they regard the only true God. How wonderful it would be if, in the great parks of our Western metropolitan cities, our populations found worship as essential to life as these throngs do in India!

If you could cross the Arabian Desert with me, on the back of a slow-moving camel, or through the dust-ridden track in a modern motor-car, you would see each caravan made aware, several times a day, of the need for worship. Each member of the caravan flings out in front of him his prayer blanket, and kneels to worship. The journey is not only made easier by prayer, but the whole life of each traveller is enriched and safeguarded because he has been

in communion with the Most High. Worship is indeed essential, by river, on the desert, or in the buildings of worship, made holy by association and frequent use.

And down in South India, you would see temples more magnificent than you ever knew could be devoted to worship. In Madura, for example, half way between Madras and Cape Comorin, stands the splendid Temple of Mentachee, with its splendid gopurams, or ornamented corner towers. Stand in one of the courtyards and see the people at worship. You may tell me that some of the forms of worship are repulsive. But I will stand by you and urge you to watch the devotion of the worshipper, to become aware of his utter unawareness of the crowd around him, as he flings himself in complete adoration on the temple floor. He has learned, too, that Worship is Essential to Life.

There are many other journeys we might take together. One is to the Altar of Heaven in Peking. There, surrounded by a huge walled enclosure, directly under the dome of heaven, rises the marble terraces on which, through the centuries, the Emperors of successive Chinese dynasties made worship for themselves and for their people. On the evening before New Year's, the Emperor went to purify himself out there in the low-lying buildings that surrounded the enclosure; and, when the early dwan appeared, cold and misty, he made his way up the sacred marble terraces to the first landing; then to the second landing; and, finally, to the splendid flat marble terrace on top. There was nothing above him but the sky, the dome of Heaven. And there, now purified by the night of ablution and the prayers of the temple, he stood alone on the topmost terrace and made prayers, offering himself in sincere worship for himself and for the people of his nation.

In China, then, as in India and Arabia and every other part of the world, worship has been essential to life. Let us pray that, as Christians, we, too, may regard worship as an absolutely indispensable part of our lives.

oooOooo

WE NEED GOD

Planned comments on the conduct of political conventions recede in significance to the apparent need of finding the way to return to God.

We need God! In politics, business, profession, religion--we need God. Seeing this need in others has highlighted our own need. WE need God!

There are plenty of religious institutions, of all types, extant to meet this need if the proper directives would be supplied. However, there are those who, for pecuniary profit mislead the searcher. For ages it has been known "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me." The problems of this world will not be solved without GOD. Some think solutions are in politics; or high-sounding business positions; or education; or the professions; or even feeding the world. How stupid we have grown! How stultified in our thinking, if we place faith in these without God! These can become "iron curtains" within our own ranks.

Henry Thoreau, a century ago, said, "How rarely in our English tongue do we find expressed any affection for God. Certainly, there is no sentiment so rare as the love of God." Recently a public personage put it thus:

> "We may have so hypnotized ourselves with bathtubs and tall buildings and television that the spiritual needs of men have been overlooked."

Let us awake and get busy! Here is the way:

"RELIGION ALONE CAN SAVE MANKIND NOW. Not one faith, but all uniting on the basis that all PRAY and BELIEVE in --

TRUTH, HONESTY, JUSTICE and MERCY.

You can pray to the one God we all worship, for the coming of the Brotherhood of Man.

You can be more fervent in your own faith.

You can give sacrifically for saving mankind by making a contribution to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER and receive its bi-monthly publication.

You can send us names of others who would be interested.

You can talk with others about it.

We aim for a SPIRITUAL REGENERATION.

We work "For a world united in PRAYER."

oooOooo

FRIENDSHIP

Hills don't seem so steep to climb when climbing with a friend. Roads won't seem so rough and long although they twist and bend -- if you have for your companion someone dear to you -- one in tune with every mood: a friend sincere and true.

Burdens will not be so crushing, nor so hard to bear--if there's someone at your side the heavy weight to share... Pleasures will be multiplied and blessings doubled too -- if there's someone to enjoy the happiness with you.

Friendship is the best of all the gifts that God bestows. Lonely, cold and empty is the heart that never knows--what it means to have a friend: a good friend all the way--keeping step beside you whether skies are blue or gray.

--Patience Strong.

oooOooo

THANK YOU, FRIEND
By Grace Noll Crowell

I never came to you, my friend,
And went away without
Some new enrichment of the heart;
More faith and less of doubt,
More courage for the days ahead;
And often in great need
Coming to you, I went away
Comforted indeed.

How can I find the shining word,
The glowing phrase that tells
All that your love has meant to me,
All that your friendship spells?
There is no word, no phrase for you
On whom I so depend--
All I can say to you is this:
God bless you, precious friend.

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PRAYER GROUP ON WHEELS

By Violet Lastner

I am a woman musician living in Niles, Michigan and working six nights a week in South Bend, Indiana, a distance of twelve miles. When I finish each night, I bring home a white haired Salvation Army lady, another woman organist, and a blind male pianist -- all of whom work nights in South Bend.

While homeward bound and during our conversations, one or the other of us would mention someone terribly ill or in distress, and it was decided to remember him or her in our prayers. Finally, we thought it would be a nice idea to pray for him or her unitedly on the theory that four light bulbs are stronger than one light bulb.

Now, we take turns each night in leading our little group in a united rendition of The Lord's Prayer, followed by silent group prayer lasting until we reach the top of the big bridge leading into Niles when I say, "Amen."

We pray for those who have passed on, as well as their sorrowing families; for those in trouble or want; and for those in ill health.

When praying for those in the latter group, we find it especially helpful if we keep a mental picture of the particular person in radiant good health.

We keep our prayers always positive and full of faith, which we have found so necessary in order to be effective.

Our prayer period is usually brought to a close with a petition for guidance for the President and other leaders of our country, and finally a plea for world peace.

I am writing about our little "Prayer Group on Wheels" in the hope that other riding groups might find the idea beneficial and really effective.

Those prayed for seldom know it; and - needless to say - Fellowship in Prayer has been prayed for often.

oooOooo

"God is ready to release new tides of power into our lives when we really learn to pray."

oooOooo

M O H I S M

When it is asserted that any spiritual regeneration must embody a gospel of love -- a recognition of the rights of others -- the development of the brotherhood of man, no new idea is being advanced even by Christian adherents. To Mo Ti of China, five centuries B. C., belongs the honor of such an idea. But it ceased to exist. Why? Was such thinking so foreign to mankind that it could not obtain sure-footing in that great domain? Many discoveries have been credited to the Chinese, some of which have been developed to man's destruction, others to his uplift. Could it be that Mo Ti really received a vision from Heaven and as man failed to accept the theory, it required the visitation of Jesus Christ to consummate the Eternal Plan?

Surely as one studies these various religions, without any earthly connection one with another, the fact stands out to the unprejudiced mind that there is a Divine pattern being woven toward which all religions must shape their ends.

Even blind materialism unwittingly makes a religion of itself and blotches the picture.

It is evident that man must rid himself of his egotistical bigotry and atheistic drifting, and resurrect the one God of Righteousness and Truth.

Dr. Y. P. Mei, who graciously furnishes us with the two following pages on Mohism, was graduated from Oberlin and has received doctorate degrees from Oberlin, the University of Chicago and Wabash College. He was Acting President of Yenching University during war days when the University was temporarily carrying on at Chengtu, China; he has been Visiting Professor at Oberlin, the University of Chicago, University of Cincinnati, Wabash College, and during the coming year is to be Visiting Professor of Chinese Philosophy and Civilization at Bowdoin College. Dr. Mei is on leave from Yenching University, Peking, as its Professor of Philosophy and Dean of the College of Arts and Letters.

We deeply appreciate the study of Mohism by this Chinese Christian Educator.

THE RELIGION OF MO TI

By Dr. Y. P. Mei

There is Heaven. Heaven has a will. This will of Heaven is to be obeyed by man, and it is to be accepted as the standard for the unity of human thought and action. "Heaven desires righteousness and abominates unrighteousness." "What is the will of Heaven that is to be obeyed? It is to love all the people in the world universally." These are some of the outstanding tenets of a Chinese religion, the religion of Mo Ti, which is all but completely forgotten.

Mo Ti or Mo Tzu (470-391 B. C.) was an exact contemporary of Socrates. By this time the cogent system of political hierarchy instituted at the beginning of the Chou dynasty had broken down and the Period of Warring States was setting in. The feudal lords were in constant strife; the common peasants, incessant misery. Bewilderment was general, and men knew not which way to turn. The all-engrossing problem of the day was, briefly, how to turn the Anarchia Hominum into the Civitas Dei.

Confucianism was a movement of ethical humanism; Taoism, one of cosmic naturalism--both representing tendencies away from the anthropomorphic deity of antiquity. Mo Ti's was a voice from the wilderness, calling the multitude to return to their fathers' faith. He was a revivalist, a champion of the traditional orthodoxy. He came to fulfill the law and the prophets.

Mo Ti found the ailment of the day to be "partiality" and prescribed "universal love" as the cure. He made plain that man does not come by "universal love" naturally; only an all-loving God could provide the inspiration as well as the sanction for this universality. There were critics and skeptics, of course. Someone asked, "How do we know Heaven loves all the people?" Mo Tzu explained, "Because it teaches them all. How do we know it teaches them all? Because it claims them all. How do we know it claims them all? Because it accepts sacrifices from all." Heaven is interested in human affairs. Heaven not only "desires

righteousness and abominates unrighteousness," but it metes out reward and punishment accordingly. While all the subjects are exhorted to conform to the superior virtue and wisdom of the rulers, The Emperor, the Son of Heaven, must conform to Heaven. If anyone should still remain unconvinced and unconverted to the gospel of universal love, let him search his own heart and watch his own conduct. Suppose military draft necessitated his entrusting his parents, wife, and children to a friend. To whom would he go--the adherent of discriminatory love or the advocate of universal love? Here the way of man is clear because it is rooted in the way of God.

Such then is the religion that Mo Ti preached, and what he preached he practised. An immediate corollary of universal love is condemnation of offensive war. It was recorded that when he heard that Ch'u, a large state, was making preparations for a predatory war on Sung, a small state, he set out to nip the unrighteous act in the bud. He walked ten days and ten nights and had to tear off pieces of his garment to wrap up the sore feet. When a Confucianist sneered at the futility of such exertion, Mo Ti used the figure of a man carrying water in an effort to extinguish a conflagration and compared him to one who fed the fire with more fuel, and then put the rhetorical question, "Neither of them has yet accomplished anything, but which one would you uphold?"

The religion of Mo Ti became an organized church after his death. There was an Elder Master and a considerable body of devotees. At one time, it was said, as many as one hundred and seventy followers were ready to die at the word of the master. Mohism as organized religion was short-lived and is no more, but the doctrines of Providential righteousness and universal love have left their imprint on the soul of the Chinese people, not necessarily the learned and wise, but such folk as the self-sacrificial mother, the faithful servant, the Chinese Robinhoods among whom all men are brothers, and the like. The gospel of Mo Ti and his life have sometimes earned him the title, the Chinese Jesus.

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THEODORE CARSWELL HUME

The article on pages 6 and 7, written by Dr. Edward H. Hume, makes fitting a word of tribute to his son, Theodore Carswell Hume, whose prayers have appeared in this publication from time to time.

Our readers should be informed that within sectarian and denominational framework, great souls have seen, understood and responded to the call for united effort to build better understanding among mankind.

Theodore Carswell Hume was born in India, but at an early age the family moved to China where his father was called to be president of Yale-in-China at Changsha.

Later Hill School prepared Theodore for Yale. Upon graduation he was awarded a French Government Scholarship at the University of Paris and while there he made some important translations into English. In 1926, on a Rhodes Scholarship-at-large from the United States, he entered New College, Oxford and graduated two years later with honors. Meanwhile, he occupied his time, during summer vacations, as newspaper correspondent at the meetings of the League of Nations in Geneva. He entered Mansfield College, Oxford in 1929, and finished his theological education at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, in 1930, when he was ordained to the Christian Ministry in the Congregational Church.

In the New England Church of Chicago, Theodore found the challenge of a mixed population and ever adhered to the living Gospel of Jesus Christ, standing squarely for the common man.

Espousing peace as a cause, he became chairman of the World Friendship Commission of the Chicago Church Foundation and president of the Chicago Peace Council.

From this experience and that gained abroad, it was natural for Theodore Hume to become passionably interested in the growing ecumenical movement, uniting the Christians of all nations and communions into one fellowship. Thus, in July 1937, he became secretary of the sub-committee on the Church and War at the Oxford World Church Conference.

The World Council of Churches in 1943 sought a person to implement its program of relief and reconstruction among the churches of Europe. By virtue of his many qualifica-

tions Ted Hume was especially fitted for this task and, in accepting, he left a comfortable parish in Claremont, California, together with his wife and five children to undertake this most important mission.

After a period of preparation and renewing of contacts in England, he set forth in October 1943 to commence his work in Europe. While he was being flown in a Swedish plane to Stockholm, the plane, attacked by an enemy flier, crashed on the Swedish Coast and he was killed.

That disaster was the touchstone to an echo through the corridors of time. For in the high resolve and importance of this mission spanning wide areas in practical relief and spiritual fellowship, his death overwhelmingly magnified the purpose.

Thus, memorial services in Stockholm, London and New York registered more than personal eulogy. They lauded the vicarious sacrifice to a sacred idealism which finds its highest reward in the "Well Done" from Him who is the inspiration of earthly and eternal brotherhood.

The attacking enemy may have gloried in the destruction wrought, but unwittingly he fired the imagination of thousands who otherwise never would have known this heaven-sent messenger of good will--Theodore Carswell Hume.

oooOooo

P E A C E

Quiet evening,
Blissful hour;
Work is done,
Shadows lower.

Night is nigh,
Sweet repose;
Thoughts ascend
To God who knows.

--Elizabeth Kleiser.

oooOooo

"To God, thy country, and thy friend be true."

--Vaughan.

oooOooo

PRAYER INTO SLEEP
By A. E. Johnson

I should like to believe that somewhere in the lost letters of St. Paul there occurred the injunction: "Is any among you sleepless, let him pray." We have given the word insomnia such a dreadful connotation, that few of us ever entertain the idea of turning it into a minor sacrament—an opportunity, that is to say, to have audience with Him who slumbers not nor sleeps. In truth, if our holiness included, as it should, a little more humor, we might even speak of sharing God's insomnia.

I have found the silent recitation of Lead, Kindly Light very invitatory to sleep; also the equally-beautiful Abide with Me. Even more rocking is the children's hymn, Now the day is over: It calls up our childhood, and the soul's Home therefore.

The prayer-lullabies should be personal, and should certainly include any verses the particular suppliant has made along these lines. If the thought be simple, and the meter singsongy, so much the better. It is one's own, and sleep is (on its lowest terms) the folding of the self upon itself, as the waterlily withdraws into the pool of its roots. This is, of course, the secular side of the matter: the spiritual aspect is St. Paul's tremendous double-sheathing of "Your life is hid with Christ in God." (The word in the original conserves the idea of a crypt.)

Nor must we ever forget the opportunity wakefulness affords us to bless others. I have found the simple prayer, "God bless every soul in all the world," very helpful in this office. It may well be that one should never pray for himself at all. It is significant that The Lord's Prayer does not contain either the word "I" or "me". There may even be a spiritual law that no one can intercede for himself directly; just as no one can ever love another, except through God. Direct brotherhood is adoption merely; the true relation can only come through sonship, a common paternity. I am not, logically at least, a communist's brother, nor he mine. Actually, yes; since the disbelief in God on our part in no wise invalidates God's belief in us. (Except, of

course, that the pigsty was a pretty sorry substitute for the Father's home in the story of the Prodigal Son.)

St. Theresa tells us that "God alone is sufficient." Yet it is well to remember that God does, at times, withdraw. At the supreme moment of Christ's most bitter need, he was Godforsaken -- or self-forsaken, which in some respects is worse. At these moments the spirit has to proceed blindly, as if a river, going underground, should doubt that it would ever again emerge into light. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" These were the most terrible words ever uttered from lips of flesh.

But they were not the last words from the Cross. Those last words were: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." That prayer is available for the humblest sharer of the Cross; and it is the sovereign guarantee of the soul's weal. Falling asleep to the music of this sublime committal, we actually rehearse that graduation, that commencement, for which the word Death is but the hopeless symbol of the bourne of God.

oooOooo

THE PILOT

When the clouds are gathering 'round us,
And the storm begins to break;
When the thunder's sullen mutterings
Cause the stoutest hearts to quake:
Give us then the strength to reason;
Give us then the faith to feel
That, amid the wreck and ruin
God is standing at the wheel.

When the Cause seems well-nigh hopeless,
And the Truth lies in the dust;
When the Lie exults and triumphs, -
Love and virtue kneel to lust:
It is then the heart gives battle;
In that hour the soul shall feel
That, with all embracing vision
God is standing at the Wheel!

--Ernest André

oooOooo

IN THE LAND OF THE LOTUS

By Rose H. Anderson

Holding back her tears, the little Mother of Sandra Seign spoke: "This night the hill bandits have shown the flames of hate! How are we to teach love and mercy to these poor souls who reap such anguish and tears?"

Stoutly Sister Angela insisted: "These will flinch at the agony of this night, yet they will come to us seeking understanding and guidance. We cannot fail them, for these have been brought into the Jesus way of life since you are here as our aid and helper."

Pulling herself together, as though shrinking from the touch of pain, the little Mother moaned: "It was such a raid as this I lost my only son! And now I cannot find big David, my foster son."

"Fret not your heart, little Mother. Big David can fend for himself. The waif you found and brought here is living proof of redemptive love. He will soon return to us."

Yet it was hours later when Big David came staggering into the Mission, so badly burnt that his eyes shone dark with pain; yet simply he assured them: "Big David come home." These were the only words spoken for days, for the wings of death were very near to him. He awoke to the pounding music of rain; he softly spoke: "Our Lord is washing away their hate, so also He has forgiven."

Gently the little Mother asked: "I could not find you?"

Simply he began: "One of the bandits seized the young son of the silk merchant. I heard the screams so followed and soon overtook the wicked one."

"Alone you fought for the merchant's son?"

"I found great truth in your words of wisdom, little Mother. It is not hard to die when the Lord keeps His watch! Perhaps you will wish death had taken me when you hear the truth--"

"Foolish words, big David; you are a son to mine heart."

"Indeed words of comfort! I overlook the wicked one, yet one was swifter, and so bitterly these fought to the death, struggling to shove the other over the brink of the steep ledge. When the moon unveiled his face, I saw their faces; the evil one's face was brutal with hate so that I

thought of flames eating our homes; hate and flames are alike."

"The name of our man fighting him?"

"Li Wong was the brave one and well he knows and loves our Lord. Death was not cruel to Li Wong for our Lord was near to him."

Puzzled she asked: "Death called for Li Wong?"

"Listen with your heart, little Mother. Quickly I ran to aid Li Wong. Then I saw the terror in the face of the bandit as he faced death and strangely your words came to me: "Pity those who die without faith in our Lord." Pity ran into my heart for this evil one--

Tensely she demanded: "And what of Li Wong?"

"What should I have done? My heart yet grieves! How shall I forget Li Wong's scream as he fell! Using my strength I tried to save both, yet it was the evil one I drew back to safety."

The little Mother bowed her head in prayer; weakly big David spoke: "Li Wong was not fearful of death, for he loved our Lord. Do you wish the flames had devoured me, little Mother?"

"You have not failed, my son."

"Then, anger burned with me and I ached to close my fingers about the throat of this evil one who had robbed me of my friend! He looked at me strangely, so I opened his ears to wisdom. He would ridicule my words, so I pounded his head against the ground to loosen his understanding. The merchant's son began wailing, so I marched the evil one back to the village with the boy."

"The bandit returned the boy?" She marvelled greatly.

Humbly he answered: "When I proved to him the cost of sparing his life, he agreed to come here and to listen with an open mind."

"Then, where is he?"

"We were not far from the merchant's home when we were surrounded by a mob of madmen! Our own people driven wild by the death of the night. One of them pulled the boy from us and bore him to the merchant's house, this much I saw before they drove us into the flames. I tried to save the evil one and for this reason I was beaten until all sense had gone."

"So the bandit died in the flames!" Big David covered

his face, so the little Mother left him with his thoughts. Hours later, he awoke to the murmur of voices; opening his eyes he saw the little Mother talking to one bandaged about the arms and face. He called: "Who is this one?"

Her face alight with joy, she answered: "This is Li Wong, the stubborn one, big David. He would not follow death!"

Big David wept: "How kind is the heart of our Lord!"

Gently Li Wong, the bandaged one explained: "I do not die easy, my friend! I have thought you turned against me in saving the bandit, yet the little Mother has spoken well of your thoughts, so all is forgiven. Some of our men in hiding beneath the ledge broke my fall so I was not badly hurt. We returned to the village to behold a strange sight. The bandit youth, although badly burnt was struggling to pull you from the flames, while our own were beating him back until we arrived, for these wished you both in the flames."

Big David gasped: "He would save my life? This bandit?"

"Aye, he would. We soon put an end to the cruel game; the bandit was so badly hurt we hurriedly bore him to the doctor's house, intending to return to care for you. You had vanished, so I've been seeking for you, not knowing you found your way here to the Mission."

Big David pleaded: "Tell me more about the bandit youth?"

"He is a badly burnt and frightened youth, ready to listen to our words of wisdom concerning the Jesus way of life. In sparing his life you awoke his heart to a new desire."

Softly big David mused: "How kind is our Lord! He washes away hate and flames. We shall tell the bandit youth how even the rain sings in adoration of the Lord of creation in the land of the Lotus!"

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Of all the blessings Heaven doth send,
Of all the gifts that life doth lend,
Of all rewards the utmost end,
Of joys the essence and the blend, -
Here's to the one who'll not pretend
But is, and stays the steadfast friend!

--Anon.

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P E A C E

By Harry Halsey Starrett

"Peace on earth, goodwill among men" is the fruition of the seeds of righteousness, sown by The Master, in the hearts of men.

This truth is beautifully portrayed in the Chinese Proverb:

"If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in character.
If there is beauty in character, there will be harmony in the home.
If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation.
If there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world."

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

This is the way, and the only way, to Freedom, Unity, Brotherhood, Security, Goodwill among men and to happiness untold.

oooOooo

A P R A Y E R

Make me like the radiant sky
Arched in quiet, azure blue,
Unscarred by clouds that are passing by,
Eternally serene and true.

Lord, I would lift my hands in prayer,
As trees upreach toward heaven and Thee,
And like them try to ease the care
Of those who pass and look to me.

Father of love, let my heart unfold
Like the lovely lily clothed in grace.
Fill me with fragrance of beauty untold
As I open and look upon Thy face.

--Mildred Long.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

ANNOUNCING OUR EXCLUSIVE AND ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS CARD

Helen Dudley Young, brilliant artist, and one of our advisors, has graciously created our Christmas Card for the coming season. Printed in deep blue and white, her painting portrays a vast expanse of night sky in which a beautiful whirling galaxy shines forth as a "Universal Christmas Star," above the rim of the planet Earth, and the town of Bethlehem. A Great Angel overshadows all within His luminous Wings of Peace and Benediction. In each upper corner are Durer's - "Folded Hands" - symbolizing the spirit of Fellowship in Prayer. Surrounding the design is a delicate border of holly leaves and berries of the Christmas Season. Softly formed, as if carved in blue clay, are the words:-- "Glory to God in the Highest" — concluding on the inside page: "...and on Earth peace, goodwill toward men."

We know our many readers, and their friends, will be delighted with this exclusive and beautiful Christmas Greeting, and we urge you to send your orders in promptly, as our supply is limited. Price $1.00 per dozen. Special Offer: 100 cards - $7.50.

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A P P R E C I A T I O N

In addition to gratitude for articles for publication and editorial work, from our Contributing Editors, (to be augmented as opportunity offers) we give thanks for the following appearing in this issue; not otherwise recognized:

"Worship is Essential to Life in India, China and Arabia"	- Dr. Edward H. Hume.
"Prayer Group on Wheels"	- Mrs. Violet Lastner.
"Peace"	- Mrs. Elizabeth Kleiser.
"Prayer into Sleep"	- Prof. A. E. Johnson.
"The Pilot"	- Ernest André.
"In The Land of The Lotus"	- Rose H. Anderson.
"A Prayer"	- Mildred Long.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

Felicitations, although late, are extended to our true friend, advisor, and contributing editor, Dr. Grenville Kleiser, upon the attainment of his eighty-fourth birthday on July 15, 1952.
Few men, in either public or private life, have attained and maintained his high standards and shared the results of knowledge and experience more widely than he.
The years have dealt kindly with Dr. Kleiser and he is a glowing example that the mind grows keener with constant use. God bless him!

Congratulations are extended to Prof. A. E. Johnson of the faculty of Syracuse University upon being elected a member of Japan's Poets' Club. He is the fourth non-Japanese writer to receive this honor. His poems have been widely published in England and America.

TU FU, CHINA'S GREATEST POET by Dr. William Hung, our beloved president, is a unique study entailing a vast amount of translation and research; resulting in the most thorough-going account and interpretation in English of the career and work of China's greatest poet. (282 pp - $5.00 Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.)

NOTICES

As previously announced, the October issue of "FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER" will feature "Individual Citizenship Responsibility."

The subscription rate for "FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER" is $2.00 annually. This, of course, allows nothing for expansion work, which is urgent as time is important. An opportunity to further the work is afforded by using our return envelope, setting forth the aims and purposes of Fellowship in Prayer, which may be obtained upon request.

Visitors to our office are always welcome, and we were happy to meet many from out of town during the past month.
Address: 22 East 29th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
Telephone: MUrray Hill 5-2758

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FELLOWSHIP ADVISORS

Another advisor has been added since our last issue of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER -- Mrs. Frank W. Lovejoy. Her unfailing interest augments the influence of our advisors. The wide variety of helpful talents in this fine group greatly strengthens the entire organization.

Eastern Zone:

Mrs. Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe
Mrs. Arthur O. Choate
Mrs. Leland Eggleston Cofer (and Southern)
Emilie Lady Coote (" England)
Florence S. Dustin (" Southern)
Mrs. George F. Holl, Jr.
Mrs. William Hung
Prof. A. E. Johnson
Dr. Grenville Kleiser
Olga M. Lamkert
Mrs. Frank W. Lovejoy
Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor
Mrs. Florence E. Wilcox

Southern Zone: Mrs. Frances Hungerford Lusby
(as well as those listed above)

Central Zone:

Mrs. Frank A. Baker
Mrs. A. M. Davison
Mrs. Charles A. Lastner
Harry Halsey Starrett

Western Zone:

Mrs. F. J. Crisp
Rev. Roy Wallace Thomas
Mrs. J. H. Titus
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THE SECRET OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

TRUE FRIENDSHIP is not based upon selfish bargaining. It makes no undue demands, is not supersensitive, gives without thought of return, and generously overlooks faults. It is careful not to offend, and is tactful and discriminating when shadows of doubt appear.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP expresses itself in interest, sympathy, good-will, and affection. It is free from self-consciousness and self-assertiveness. It is always ready to listen and to serve. If you would have a true friend, first be one. Diligently cultivate within yourself the rare qualities which comprise such a friendship. In the degree that you are ready to give, serve, sympathize, and help, with no thought of return or reward, in such degree will you build sweet and enduring friendships. --Grenville Kleiser.

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